

The Ghost of the late House of Commons,

To the New one appointed to meet at

O X F O R D.

From deepest Dungeons of Eternal Night,
The seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains & spight,

I have been sent to tell your tender Youth
A seasonable and Important Truth!

I feel, (but Oh too late,) that no Disease
Is like a Surfeit of Luxurious Ease,

And of all other, the most tempting things,
Are too much Wealth, and too Indulgent Kings.

None ever was superlatively ill,
But by Degrees, with Industry and Skill:

And some, whose Meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow Knaves by Use, and Rebels by Despair.

My time is past, and Yours will soon begin,
Keep the first Blossoms from the blast of Sin;

And by the Fate of my Tumultuous ways,
Preserve your self, and bring serener Days.

The buisie subtle Serpents of the Law,
Did first my Mind from true Obedience draw;

While I did Limits to the King prescribe,
And took for Oracles that Canting Tribe,

I chang'd True Freedom for the Name of Free,
And grew Seditious for Variety;

All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd;
And, by the Laws I Legally abus'd.

The Robe was summon'd, M——d in the head,
In Legal Murder none so deeply read:

I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with (the yet un-expiated) Blood

Of the Brave *Strafford*, when 3 Kingdoms rung
With his accumulative Hackney Tongue;

Prisoners, and Witnesses were waiting by;
These had been taught to Swear, and those to dy,

And to expect Their Arbitrary Fates,
Some for ill Faces, some for good Estates:

To fright the People, and Alarm the Town,
B—— and O—— imploy'd the Reverend Gown.

But while the *Triple Mitre* bore the blame,
The Kings 3 *Crowns* were their Rebellious aim:

I seem'd, (and did but seem) to fear the *Guards*,
And took for mine the B—— and the W——

Anti-monarchick Hereticks of State,
Immoral Atheists, Rich, and Reprobate:

But above all, I got a little Guide,
Who every Foard of Villany had try'd;

None knew so well the old Pernicious way
To Ruine Subjects, and make *Kings* obey;

And my small *Jehu* at a Furious Rate,
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty Eight*:

This the King knew, and was Resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his *Patience* for his *Fear*:

All that this happy Island could afford,
Was Sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.

In his whole Paradice one only Tree
He had excepted by a strict Decree;

A *Sacred Tree* which *Royal Fruit* did bear,
Yet It in pieces I Conspir'd to tear;
Beware my Child! Divinity is there.

This so out-did all I had done before,
I could attempt, and He endure no more.

My Un-prepar'd and Un-repenting breath,
Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death,

And I (with all my Sins about me) hurl'd,
To th' utter Darkness of the lower World;

A dreadful place which you too soon will see,
If You believe Seducers more than Me.

F I N I S.

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